

THIS WOMAN SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

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Black River Falls, Wis.—"As Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation, I cannot say enough in praise of it. I suffered from organic troubles and my side hurt me so I could hardly be up from my bed, and I was unable to do my housework. I had the best doctors in Eau Claire and they wanted me to have an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me so I did not need the operation, and I am telling all my friends about it."—Mrs. A. W. Bruner, Black River Falls, Wis.

It is just such experiences as that of Mrs. Bruner that have made this famous root and herb remedy a household word from ocean to ocean. Any woman who suffers from inflammation, ulceration, displacements, backache, nervousness, irregularities or "the blues" should not rest until she has given it a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

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Insist on the name with three D's and enjoy freedom from kidney ills. At all druggists.

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LOSSES SUPLY PREVENTED BY CUTTIN'S BLACKLEG PILLS. Low priced, quick relief, preferred by veterans and sailors. Because they protect where other venereal pills fail. Write for booklet and testimonials. 10-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$1.00. 50-dose pkg. Blackleg Pills, \$4.00. The superiority of Cuttin's products is due to over 15 years of specializing in VACCINES AND SERUMS. CUTTIN'S BLACKLEG PILLS. A reliable, safe, and effective remedy. The Cutter Laboratory, Berkeley, Cal., or Chicago, Ill.

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Think of Factory Price. Same price as before the war. Then write to us for catalogue. AMERICAN FLAG MFG. CO., Easton, Pa.

Boys and Girls Clear Your Skin With Cuticura

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c.

NEAL DRUG HABITS

"K. P." as a Military Term. Sweeney was a new recruit; he was also a Knight of Columbus. His second day at Fort Thomas was spent in hours of tireless drill. Toward evening the top sergeant called out: "All K. P.'s step forward." Twelve men advanced and, when the others were dismissed, followed the officer toward the mess halls. Sweeney was tired and hungry and his blood boiled at the thought of the favoritism about to be shown to the dozen of Knights of Pythias. He followed the men, cursing under his breath, and on reaching the hall was relieved to hear the ruff "top" exclaim: "Now, you kitchen police, get busy!"—Argonaut.

Criticism. "Father," said the small boy, "what's constructive criticism?" "Constructive criticism, my son, is our own line of talk which if offered by some one else would be called ordinary fault-finding."

So to Speak. "Lots of pretty girls visit the canons." "More than you can shake swaggar stick at."

In matrimony one and one makes no, but in divorce one from one leaves no.

Rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, but the latter use it as a baser.



NO WASTE
IN A PACKAGE OF
POST TOASTIES
says Bobbie
Corn Food Good To The
Last Flake

North of Fifty-Three

By BERTRAND W. SINCLAIR

(Copyright: Little, Brown & Co.)

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"If money meant that we would be compelled to lead the sort of existence most of these people do," he retorted, "I'd take measures to be broke as soon as possible."

"You're awful!" Hazel commented. "Tomorrow, you advise our hostess that we're traveling," he instructed. "When we come back we'll make headquarters at a hotel until we locate a place of our own—if you are sure you want to winter here."

Her mind was quite made up to spend the winter there, and she frankly said so—provided he had no other choice. They had to winter somewhere.

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. All right; we'll winter here," Bill acquiesced. "That's settled."

And, as was his habit when he had come to a similar conclusion, he refused to talk further on that subject, but fell to speculating idly on New York. In which he was presently aided and abetted by Hazel, who had never invaded Manhattan, nor, for that matter, any of the big Atlantic cities.

New York, she was constrained to admit, rather overwhelmed her. She traversed Broadway and other world-known arteries, and felt a trifle dubious amid the unceasing crush. Bill piloted her to famous cafes, and to equally famous theaters. She made sundry purchases in magnificent shops. The huge conglomeration of sights and sounds made an unforgettable impression upon her. She sensed keenly the colossal magnitude of it all. But she felt a distinct wave of relief when they were Granville bound once more.

In a week they were settled comfortably in a domicile of their own—five rooms in an up-to-date apartment house. And since the social demands on Mrs. William Wagstaff's time grew apace, a capable maid and a cook were added to the Wagstaff establishment. Thus she was relieved of the onus of housework. Her time was wholly her own, at her own disposal or Bill's, as she elected.

But by imperceptible degrees they came to take diverse roads in the swirl of life which had caught them up. There were so many little woman affairs where a man was superfluous. There were others which Bill flatly refused to attend. "Hen parties," he dubbed them. More and more he remained at home with his books.

Sometimes Hazel caught herself wondering if they were getting as much out of the holiday as they should have gotten, as they had planned to get, when they were struggling through that interminable winter. She was. But not Bill. If she ventured to give a plea, he fled the house as if from the plague. He made acquaintances of his own, men from God only knew where, individuals who occasionally filled the dainty apartment with malodorous tobacco fumes, and who would cheerfully sit up all night discoursing earnestly on any subject under the sun. But so long as Bill found Granville habitable she did not mind.

She wished fervently that Bill would take up some business that would keep



"What's All the Clerical Work About?" She inquired.

him in touch with civilization. He had the capital, she considered, and there was no question of his ability. Her faith in his power to encompass whatever he set about was strong. Other men, less gifted, had acquired wealth, power, even a measure of fame, from a less auspicious beginning. Why not he?

But she could never quite bring herself to put it in so many words to Bill.

The cycle of weeks brought them to January. They had dropped into something of a routine in their daily lives. Bill's interest and participation in social affairs became negligible. When he was not absorbed in a book or magazine, he spent his time in some downtown haunt, having acquired membership in a club as a concession to their manner of life. Once he came home with flushed face and overbright eyes, radiating an odor of whisky. Hazel had never seen him drink to excess. She was correspondingly shocked, and took no pains to hide her

feelings. But Bill was blandly undisturbed.

"You don't need to look so horrified," he drawled. "I'm going straight to bed, little person. Scold not, nor fret. William will be himself again ere yet the morrow's sun shall clear the horizon. Let us avoid recrimination. Good night."

A week or so later he became suddenly and unexpectedly active. He left the house as soon as his breakfast was eaten, and he did not come home to luncheon—a circumstance which irritated Hazel, since it was one of those rare days when she herself lunched at home. Late in the afternoon he telephoned briefly that he would dine downtown. And when he did return, at nine or thereabouts in the evening, he clamped a cigar between his teeth, and fell to work covering a sheet of paper with interminable rows of figures.

"What is all the clerical work about?" she inquired. "Reckoning your assets and liabilities?" Bill smiled and pushed aside the paper.

"I'm going to promote a mining company," he told her, quite casually. "It has been put up to me as a business proposition—and I've got to the stage where I have to do something, or I'll sure have the Willies."

She overlooked the latter statement; it conveyed no special significance at the time. But his first statement opened up possibilities such as of late she had sincerely hoped would come to pass, and she was all interest.

"Promote a mining company?" she repeated. "That sounds extremely businesslike. How—when—where?"

"Now—here in Granville," he replied. "You see," he continued, warming up a bit to the subject, "when I was prospecting that creek where we made the clean-up last summer, I ran across a well-defined quartz lead. I packed out a few samples in my pockets, and I happened to show them as well as one or two of the nuggets to some of these fellows at the club a while back. Lorimer took a piece of the quartz and had it assayed. It looms up as something pretty big. So he and Brooks and a couple of other fellows want me to go ahead and organize and locate a group of claims in there. Twenty or thirty thousand dollars capital might make 'em all rich. Of course, the placer end of it will be the big thing while the lode is being developed. Getting the start is easy. These fellows I've talked to are dead anxious to get in."

"But"—her knowledge of business methods suggested a difficulty—"you can't sell stock in a business that has no real foundation—yet. Don't you have to locate those claims first?"

"Wise old head; you have the idea, all right," he smiled. "But this is not a stock-jobbing proposition. I wouldn't be in on it if it were, believe me. It's to be a corporation, where not to exceed six men will own all the stock that's issued. And so far as the claims are concerned, I've got Whitey Lewis located in Fort George, and I've been burning the wires and spending a bundle of real money getting him grub-staked. He has got four men besides himself all ready to hit the trail as soon as I give the word."

"You won't have to go?" she put in quickly.

"No," he murmured. "It isn't necessary, at this particular stage of the game. But I wouldn't mind popping a whip over a good string of dogs, just the same."

"B-r-r-r!" she shivered involuntarily. "Four hundred miles across that deep snow, through that steady, flesh-seeping cold. I don't envy them the journey."

She came over and stood by him, playfully rumpling his brown hair with her fingers.

"I'm glad you've found something to loose that pent-up energy of yours on, Billy-boy," she said. "You'll make a success of it, I know. I don't see why you shouldn't make a success of any kind of business. But I didn't think you'd ever tackle business. You have such peculiar views about business and business practice."

"I despise the ordinary business ethic," he returned sharply. "But I can exploit the resources of nature. And that is my plan. If we make money it won't be flched by a complex process from the other fellow's pockets; it won't be wealth created by sheering lambs in the market, by sweatshop labor, or adulterated food, or exorbitant rental of filthy dealing with. I'm not overly anxious to get into it with them. But it promises action of some sort—and I have to do something till spring."

In the spring! That brief phrase set Hazel to sober thinking. With April or May Bill would spread his wings for the North. There would be no more staying him than the flight of the wild geese to the reedy nesting grounds could be stayed. Well, a summer in the North would not be so bad, she reflected. But she hated to think of the isolation. It grieved her to contemplate exchanging her beautiful furnished apartment for a log cabin in the woods.

Still she had hopes. If he plunged into business associations with Jim-

mie Brooks and Paul Lorimer and others of that group, there was no telling what might happen. His interests might become permanently identified with Granville.

Bill informed her from time to time as to the progress of his venture. The company was duly incorporated, with an authorized capital of one hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars' worth of stock being taken out by each on a cash basis—the remaining seventy-five thousand lying in the company treasury, to be held or sold for development purposes as the five saw fit when work began to show that the claims were capable of producing.

In early March came a telegram from Whitey Lewis saying that he had staked the claims, both placer and lode; that he was bound out by the Telegraph Trail to file at Hazelton. Bill showed her the message—wired from Station Six.

"I wish I could have been in on it—that was some trip," he said—and there was a trace of discontent in his tone. "I don't fancy somebody else pawing my chestnuts out of the coals for me. It was sure a man's job to cross the Klappan in the dead of winter."

The filing completed, there was ample work in the way of getting out, and whipsawing timber to keep the five men busy till spring—the five who were on the ground. Lewis sent word that thirty feet of snow lay in the gold-bearing branch. And that was the last they heard from him. He was a performer, Bill said, not a correspondent.

So in Granville the affairs of the Free Gold Mining company remained at a standstill until the spring floods should peel off the winter blanket of the North.

Ultimately, spring overspread the eastern provinces. And when the snows of winter successively gave way to muddy streets and then to clean pavements in the city of Granville, a new gilt sign was lettered across the windows of the brokerage office in which Paul Lorimer was housed.

FREE GOLD MINING COMPANY
P. H. Lorimer, P. J. L. Brooks, Sec.-Treas.
William Wagstaff, Manager.

So it ran. Bill was commissioned in the army of business at last.

CHAPTER XV.

A Business Journey.

"I have to go to the Klappan," Bill apprised his wife one evening. "Want to come along?"

Hazel hesitated. Her first instinctive feeling was one of reluctance to retrace the nerve-racking trail. But neither did she wish to be separated from him.

"I see you don't," he observed dryly. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. It's a stiff trip."

"I'm sorry I can't feel any enthusiasm for such a journey," she remarked candidly. "I could go as far as the coast with you, and meet you there when you come out. How long do you expect to be in there?"

"I don't know exactly," he replied. "I'm not going in from the coast, though. I'm taking the Ashcroft-Fort George Trail. I have to take in a pack train and more men and get work started on a decent scale."

"But you won't have to stay there all summer and oversee the work, will you?" she inquired anxiously.

"I should," he said.

For a second or two he drummed on the table top. "But is there any real necessity for you to stay on the ground?" She pursued her own line of thought. "I should think an undertaking of this size would justify hiring an expert to take charge of the actual mining operations. Won't you have this end of it to look after?"

"Lorimer and Brooks are eminently capable of upholding the dignity and importance of that sign they've got smeared across the windows downtown," he observed curtly. "The chief labor of the office they've set up will be to divide the proceeds. The work will be done and the money made in the Klappan Range. You save that, don't you?"

"I'm not stupid," she pouted.

"I'm going tomorrow," he said. "I think, on the whole, it'll be just as well if you don't go. Stay here and enjoy yourself. I'll transfer some more money to your account. I think I'll drop down to the club."

She followed him out into the hall, and, as he wriggled into his coat, she had an impulse to throw her arms around his neck and declare, in all sincerity, that she would go to the Klappan or to the north pole or any place on earth with him, if he wanted her. But by some peculiar feminine reasoning she reflected in the same instant that if Bill were away from her in a few weeks he would be all the more glad to get back. That closed her mouth. It was not wise to be too meek or obedient where a husband was concerned. That was another rule of wisdom she had garnered from the wives of her circle.

So she kissed Bill good-by at the station next day with perfect good humor and no parting emotion of any

particular keenness. And if he were a trifle sober he showed no sign of resentment, nor uttered any futile wishes that she could accompany him.

"So long," he said from the car steps. "I'll keep in touch—all I can."

Then he was gone. Somehow, his absence made less difference than Hazel had anticipated. She had secretly expected to be very lonely at first. And she was not. Even when in her hand she held a telegram dated at a point five hundred or a thousand miles or double that distance away she did not experience the feeling of complete bodily absence. She always felt as if he were near. Only at night, when there was no long arm to pillow her head, no good-night kiss as she dozed into slumber, she missed him, realized that he was far away.

Early in June came a brief wire from Station Six. Three weeks later the Free Gold Mining company set up a mild ripple of excitement along Broad street by exhibiting in their office window a forty-pound heap of coarse gold; raw, yellow gold, just as it had come from the sluice. Every day knots of men stood gazing at the treasure. Bill had forwarded the first clean-up.

And close on the heels of this—ten days later, to be exact—he came home. "You great bear," Hazel laughed, in the shelter of his encircling arms. "My, it's good to see you again."

She pushed herself back a little and surveyed him admiringly, with a gratified sense of proprietorship. The cheeks of him were tanned to a healthy brown, his eyes clear and shining. The offending flesh had fallen away on the strenuous paths of the Klappan. He radiated boundless vitality, strength, alertness, that perfect co-ordination of mind and body that is bred of faring resourcefully along rude ways. She thrilled at the touch of his hand, was content to lay her head on his shoulder and forget everything in the joy of his physical nearness.

They elected to spend the evening quietly at home, as they used to do. To Hazel it seemed quite like old times. Bill told her of the Klappan country, and their prospects at the mine.

"It's going to be a mighty big thing," he declared.

"I'm so glad," said Hazel.

"We've got a group of ten claims. Whitey Lewis and the original stakers hold an interest in their claims. I, acting as agent for these other fellows in the company, staked five more. I took in eight more men—and, believe me, things were humming when I left. And, say, I went in by the ranch. Old Jake has a fine garden. He's still pegging away with the mule 'and Gretchen, der cow.' I offered him a chance to make a fat little stake at the mine, but he didn't want to leave the ranch. Great old feller, Jake. Something of a philosopher in his way. Pretty wise old head. He'll make good, all right."

In the morning, Bill ate his breakfast and started downtown.

"That's the dickens of being a business man," he complained to Hazel, in the hallway. "It rides a man, once it gets hold of him. Adios, little person. I'll get out for lunch, business or no business."

Eleven-thirty brought him home, preoccupied and frowning. And he carried his frown and his preoccupation to the table.

"Whatever is the matter, Bill?" Hazel anxiously inquired.

"Oh, I've got a nasty hunch that there's a nigger in the woodpile," he replied.

And that was all he vouchsafed. He finished his luncheon and left the house. He was scarcely out of sight when Jimmie Brooks' runabout drew up at the curb. A half minute later he was ushered into the living room.

"Bill in?" was his first query.

"No, he left just a few minutes ago," Hazel told him.

Mr. Brooks, a short, heavy-set, neatly dressed gentleman, whose rather weak blue eyes loomed preternaturally large and protuberant behind pince-nez that straddled an insignificant snub nose, took off his glasses and twiddled them in his white, well-kept fingers.

"Ah, too bad!" he murmured.

"Thought I'd catch him."

"By the way," he continued, after a pause, "you—ah—well, frankly, I have reason to believe that you have a good deal of influence with your husband in business matters, Mrs. Wagstaff."

"Well, I don't know; perhaps I have. Why?"

"Well—ah—you see," he began rather lamely. "The fact is—I hope you'll regard this as strictly confidential. Mrs. Wagstaff, I wouldn't want Bill to think I, or any of us, was trying to bring pressure on him. But the fact is, Bill's got a mistaken impression about the way we're conducting the financial end of this mining proposition. You understand? Very able man, your husband, but headstrong as the deuce. I'm afraid—to speak frankly—he'll create a lot of unpleasantness. Might disrupt the company, in fact. If he sticks to the position he took this morning. Thought I'd run in and talk it over with him. Fellow's generally in a good humor, you know,

when he's lunched comfortably at home."

"I'm quite in the dark," Hazel confessed. "Bill seemed a trifle put out about something. He didn't say what it was about."

"Shall I explain?" Mr. Brooks suggested. "You'd understand—and you might be able to help. I don't as a rule believe in bringing business into the home, but this bothers me. I hate to see a good thing go wrong."

"Explain, by all means," Hazel promptly replied. "If I can help, I'll be glad to."

"Thank you," Mr. Brooks polished his glasses industriously for a second and replaced them with painstaking exactitude. "Now—ah—this is the situation: When the company was formed, five of us, including your husband, took up enough stock to finance the preliminary work of the undertaking. The remaining stock, seventy-five thousand dollars in amount, was left in the treasury, to be held or put on the market as the situation warranted. With the first clean-up, Bill forwarded facts and figures to show that we had a property far beyond our greatest expectations. And, of course, we saw at once that the thing was ridiculously undercapitalized."

"So we held a meeting and authorized the secretary to sell stock. Naturally, your husband wasn't cognizant of this move, for the simple reason that there was no way of reaching him—and his interests were thoroughly protected, anyway. The stock was



"Very Able Man, Your Husband, But Headstrong as the Deuce."

listed on Change. A good bit was disposed of privately. We now have a large fund in the treasury. It's a cinch. We've got the property, and it's rich enough to pay dividends on a million. The decision of the stockholders is unanimously for enlargement of the capital stock. You understand? You follow me?"

"Certainly," Hazel answered. "But what is the difficulty, Bill?"

"Bill is opposed to the whole plan," he said, pursing up his lips with evident disapproval of Bill Wagstaff and all his works. "He seems to feel that we should not have taken this step. He declares that no more stock must be sold; that there must be no enlargement of capital. In fact, that we must peg along in the little one-horse way we started. And that would be a shame. We could make the Free Gold Mining company the biggest thing on the map, and put ourselves on Easy street."

He spread his hands in a gesture of real regret.

"Bill's a fine fellow," he said, "and one of my best friends. But he's a hard man to do business with. He takes a very peculiar view of the matter. I'm afraid he'll queer the company if he stirs up trouble over this. That's why I hope you'll use whatever influence you have, to induce him to withdraw his opposition."

"But," Hazel murmured, in some perplexity, "from what little I know of corporations, I don't see how he can set up any difficulty. How can he stop you from taking any line of action whatever?"

"Oh, not that at all," Brooks hastily assured. "Of course, we can outvote him, and put it through. But we want him with us, don't you see? We've a high opinion of his ability. He's the sort of man who gets results; practical, you know; knows mining to a T. Only he shies at our financial method. And if he began any foolish litigation, or silly rumors got started about trouble among the company officers, it's bound to hurt the stock. It's all right, I assure you. We're not foisting a wildcat on the market. We've got the goods. Bill admits that. It's the regular method, not only legitimate, but good finance. Every dollar's worth of stock sold has the value behind it. Distributes the risk a little more, that's all, and gives the company a fund to operate successfully."

"If Bill mentions it, you might suggest that he look into the matter a little more fully before he takes any definite action," Brooks concluded, rising. "I must get down to the office. It's his own interests I'm thinking of, as much as my own. Of course, he couldn't block a reorganization—but we want to satisfy him in every particular, and, at the same time, carry out these plans. It's a big thing for all of us. A big thing, I assure you."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

First Use of Cars. The idea of propelling ships independently of the wind first led to the use of cars. The discovery of land vehicles and the means of propulsion of land vehicles soon led to attempts to utilize it on behalf of vessels. It is claimed that the first attempt at this propulsion was made by Blasco de Garay, at Barcelona, in 1583.

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition. The kidneys seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more dangerous kidney troubles.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root which, so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a splendid kidney, liver and bladder medicine, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better get a bottle from your nearest drug store, and start treatment at once.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

His Home.

Friend—Why do you put the service flag on the car instead of your home? Wife of Soldier—Because, you know, Jim lived in his car before he went to war.—Life.

OUR BOYS "OVER THERE" ENJOY TOASTED CIGARETTES.

Through the patriotism of the citizens of the country thousands of smoke kits are being distributed to American soldiers in France. Authorities agree that men in the trenches need cigarettes almost as much as food and munitions.

Doctors, nurses, and commanding officers all join in the demand which has awakened in this country a great movement to keep our boys supplied with smokes.

Millions of the famous LUCKY STRIKE Cigarettes are "going over" all the time. There's something about the idea of the toasted cigarette that appeals to the men who spend their time in cold, wet trenches and billets.

Then, too, the real Kentucky Burley tobacco of the L. C. K. STRIKE cigarette gives them the solid satisfaction of a pipe, with a lot less trouble. Adv.

Appropriate View.

"What do you think of hanging as capital punishment?" "I think it is better to let the subject drop."

Soothe Baby Rashes

That itchy and burn with hot baths of Cuticura Soap followed by gentle anointings of Cuticura Ointment. Nothing better. For free samples address, "Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston." Sold by druggists and by mail. Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c.—Adv.

Welcome Word.

Heck—"I suppose you always let your wife have the last word?" Peck—"Yes, and I'm tickled to death when she gets to it."

\$100 Reward, \$100

Catarh is a local disease greatly influenced by constitutional conditions. It therefore requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE destroys the foundation of the disease, gives the patient strength by improving the general health and assists nature in doing its work. \$10.00 for any case of CATARRH that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. Druggists Ref. \$10.00 for any case of CATARRH that HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE fails to cure. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Descriptive.

"So Jenkins has got a new wife, has he?" "Good gracious, no! She's as old as the hills."

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use for Over 80 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Held Back.

"How old are you, little man?" "I'm eleven. I would have been twelve only I was sick for a year."

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of Those Ugly Spots